

A black and white illustration of a man climbing a tall ladder in a library. He is wearing a cap and a jacket. The ladder is leaning against a wall with shelves. The man is looking up at the top of the ladder. The background is filled with shelves of books.

SUMMER - 1958



The
**STEP
LADDER**

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The STEP LADDER

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SUMMER 1958

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

JULIA ANNA COOK

HEART'S TENDRIL

When the bright, winter moon moves light and free,
I look upon its distant fire through lace
of tendrils on a stark and lonely tree;
but see within my mind in memory
a small child's innocent and lovely face,
Spring moon . . . and apple blossoms . . . in its place.

The daughter, who for nine sweet years was bound
deep in the fibre of my life, still seems
to be a living presence in my dreams.
Her clear voice haunts my days, and words I hear
in praise of loveliness sing of my dear.
So much of heartbreak in remembered sound,

so many little ones, the world around!
Now each small girl I see who's almost nine,
with bright hair unconfined, and cornflower eyes,
and air of innocence, and young surmise;
like a familiar tendril at heart's vine,
tugs for the lovely child, who once was mine.

BLOODROOT

Bloodroot spilling their juice upon my hands,
Me digging them in brown earth mould that blends
The breath of March; me with a flower alift,
Darting its scent as woodpools show a rift
Of sky through leaves and fronds: — these make me ponder
A vision deeper even than bloodroot wonder,
And make me say, as though another thought it,
And I, not understanding, only caught it,
"I'll not forget. I never will forget!"
What will I not forget? This springtime debt
Of scent and sight? The earth's deep-rooted purpose?
Such things send ripples up from any surface.
But I am vowing never to forget
Thought's filmy drift, untouched by circumstance,
Which will not give itself to any sense.

THREE ON A FLYLEAF

(1)

Toss out the bag of tricks. Pronounce as sterile
Each lover's phrase. Consider the way we bled
Our hearts out silly. Only at your peril
Forget not that one word we never said.

(2)

What shall I wish you, friend? All these?
The dawn, good food, the seven seas?
Sleep's calm, the knowing sigh, quick laughter?
Or just whatever you go after?

(3)

The breathless thanks, the striving pen, the tears,
Went to who made me fall in love, for years.
Now that I've reached the age of calm and doubt
My thanks all go to those who help me out.

THE TAVERN

An awning on the tavern flips and flaps
 In breezes pale and cool as any ale
 That's drunk by men and women cool and pale
With indoor living. On some sea whitecaps
 Reflect a wind; and in old mountain gaps.
 And in a dingle, in a distant dale
 The fresh new breezes rout the old and stale
As fast as silence breaks in thunderclaps.

Within the tavern they sit, flabby, slack,
 With everything from morals to hope to spare,
 And cage their living in a lifeless shack,
 And each accepts of life his shrunken share
Who seeks existence on the endless track
 That leads from worry, and that goes nowhere.

MOON CRY

Some cry for the moon,
Some attempt to conquer mountain-tops,
Some seek to salvage treasure down among the dragon fish,
Some delve into the earth for hidden fruit
But

Whether you cry for the moon, climb mountain-tops
Send rockets into the stratosphere

Know this —

Add the past that is behind
With all the new hereafters just ahead
The sum, or the remainder, equals Nothing
And this alone is of significance
The moon cry is the sun that rules your life
And moon lust is Intangible to you and all.

Before the present void in front of you
Intangibles have built an altar of delusion
Eternal, as colors on a butterfly
Or marking on a deer
Or blood red fruit of an ancient plum
Or groves of oleander and hibiscus
Which grow along the vales of Etna.

You cannot always strive to capture moonbeams
Or time the moment when the grasshopper will sing,
Intolerance and stupidity are blood relations
While genius, gazing past the corridors of opportunity
Kneels down upon the ground in adoration,
Prey and victim of a moon lust
Martyr and high-priest of a Vision.

THE RAZING

Fire has swept this plot of earth.

Green bursts into flame
and buds curl to blackened whips
that scourge places where screams are unheard.
No mercy blinds the eye
or numbs the pain —
pain that darts on wings of birds
and crawls with salamanders.

Unclench the fist and see where blood is mixed with sweat.
Watch prayer dry into streaks of dust.

MIGRATION

The sky was an unnamed gray, and trees hung
like handles of unpolished pewter.
Speech trampled the ears and a distant bark
dittoed into flatness.
This was the gray that held morning suspended
dulled the optic nerve
erased color from the brain.

Then, in a stun of rocketing, in ten thousand darts
the robins came
whirring straight to their marks
feather-targeting to trees.
Bird talk swelled the air and breath
charged through the molecules.
And the sound, oh the yellow-beaked aurora of sound
that picked the gray to pieces, and burst
into borealis.

RENO VACATION

They're off! Vacation starts at the dashboard
as dials are tuned
to vanquish mediocrity of miles.
Open fields are closed to inert minds
and only blots of billboard stir the eye
along the sedatives of highway.
Soon, vast monotony of pine is left behind
and granite cliffs arouse a throttled impetus
down the road to neoned paradise,
Where meadows will be soft in felted green,
and happiness will dive between roulette
of days, then paddle down the slot-machined
and pinballed riverings of night.

Surfeited

dials are tuned again — toward home —
inertia left laughing in a clink of coins.
Granite hums soliloquy in satin.
Pines no longer rasp the eye.

Now, who would measure meadows of the mind,
or judge the shades and textures of their green?

MAN IS THE LITTLE HOUR

Man is the little hour
that land and sky and sea
have to comprehend what they may be.

Cloud and shell and flower,
moon and stone and tree
catch at this slender straw of mortality.

Here, from the blood, the wave, the wind
consider themselves, undisciplined;
and groves incarnate in flesh take thought
to bud, to blossom and to rot.

Here, from the bone, in sharp surmise
a star surveys its place in skies;
a cave, a mountain ponder on
tides and thunders come and gone.

For cloud and shell and flower
Man is the slender hour,
for tree and stone and moon, land, sky and sea,

Between Man's birth and death,
drawing this little breath,
all they will ever know of Mortality.

EVER FINER THE NET

Something within man's mind-soul cries release,
yet ever finer forebears weave the net
of memoried prejudice, preconceptions,
retaliations; thus prohibit peace
within man's soul. Yet something cries release,
release from wrongly-bent fealty,
release from atavistic mores of past,
from over-arched sentimentality
amidst for age on end his soul's been cast.
Nothing can quiet the past-slavish soul
and wearied to exhaustion, alibis
as Adam on Eve and Eve on the serpent
and on and on throughout the centuries.
Take off his shoulders Past's responsibilities;
a soul released is a soul that can grow,
grow and achieve a present fulfillment:
For solely to the present age he owes
his indefectible fidelity.

STREET

In New York is an eloquent street
with six saloons and a green cafe,
and eventually here
one may walk and meet
all ones of his ever coming and going;
the aging widow with video face,
a persistent one with a midnight question,
a little sweet lady in faded lace,
an old bent man with a withered arm,
newsboys like dwarf-men, row on row,
shouting their wares. Here beggars go
seeking for love, or coins, or grace —
and tiny girl, frightened, clutches her charm.

Second-hand store with windows of dust
has second-hand Buddha with fat knowing grin,
and little girl stares with nose on the pane
and jangles her emblem; the image within
secure in cold brass cannot mind — he can find
a life long in metal. They live until rust —
emblem and image in second hand store
while truth turns to dust.

In quiet of rooms off the eloquent street,
walled off from the widow, sweet lady, and child,
who seeks for the lost one, timid and true,
and who are they there on the dark avenue
who parade for the Buddha, eternally mild?

PURSUIT

As the salmon swim upstream,
throwing their speckled lives at fate,
stone banks, or whirling pool,
so in my life-time, early, late,
desire pursues, and as a fool
I turn again to constant theme,
knowing the face recedes from me —
alone, and seeing love as lost,
not courting any gods within,
refusing to bribe for palace key,
I comfort self that time is kind,
and only saints know how to sin.

JANE BEVERLIN TATE

MULBERRY TREE (*Garden Show — 1958*)

Wind combed these branches
over the concealment of fruit
and children found refuge
beneath luxuriance of leafage.
Now in an artificial landscape
one pale green tree becomes a focal point
of promise.
Within a small enclosure
domed not under blue sky
but under flood-lights and girders
spring seems a stranger.

MORNING GLORY

This blossom, far too frail
To stand the sun's bright glance,
Meets with a morning breeze
To do its happy dance
Before it tucks away
Its bit of heaven's blue
When the sun's warm kiss
Shall rob it of its hue.

But an old gardener,
As wise as he is kind,
Gave it a northern wall,
Against which it reclined.
Though noon has come and gone
That morning glory still
Is fresh as when at dawn
It graced my window sill.

GREEK TEAR VASE

Empty, it stands behind protecting glass
This ancient vase once filled with woman's tears,
For crowds to pause and look at or to pass,
Emblem of human sorrow down the years,
What was the grief that caused those tears to flow,
Was it a woman mourning for her child,
Feeling the little limbs now cold as snow
That once had run in play as free and wild
As a young fawn with its unconscious grace?
Or were they tears that fell from eyes grown dim
With looking long on a dead lover's face
That filled the precious vial to the brim?
The vase is empty, ancient tears are dry,
But grief is timeless — still must women cry.



THE SKY WINDS YOU TO ME

And the sky
Winds you to me,
Winds you as I wait
And love the sky
And see no stars, moon,
Or sun, or cloud streak.
Now sky has beauty
Wearing you on
Its long wind finger,
Her gem (my love).
I'm no star but sky gazer,
Trembling like the winds,
Waiting for the winds.
Why won't they hurricane,
Out beat their speeds,
So I can hold deep breath,
And open both my eyes
And see love down to earth.

BUDDHA TIME

Time is a sitting Buddha,
Who waves a fan
That whisks, whisks brisk —
Each pelt of life
To right or left;
Wisps hopes,
Loves, all newborn buds
To age, age, age and grave.

Why not hold and break that arm,
So blooms still bloom,
Beginnings stay?
Wait! You and I stop then,
Freeze in joy,
Or pain.
All things bas relief?
No! — Buddha Time, fan on.

GORDON GILSDORF

SNOW

I shiver beneath a lowering dome of sky
that is gray and cold as monastery stone,
and I watch a silent scud of clouds
shuffle on the barren silted floor
like a cloister of dark-robed mendicants,
faceless under cowls.

Snow-laden almoners
waddle through the rows of naked hills,
swaddle peaks in seamless robes,
and pour a cup down the thirsty throat
of the long valley where I stand.

With pity
they wrap me in a swirl of chill wind,
as though I was a ragged clod of dirt
and could not call this sanctuary mine.

FARM HOUSE VIGIL

The rain frogs dirge through the half-light of dawn
With their weird lamentations.
A rooster flaunts his ego
To the rain-chilled world.

The contours of a tenant farm house,
Hail-pocked and desolate,
Sour the countryside.

Upstairs a doctor bends grimly over a bed.
Sob-torn, the mother stares at the child
While a caricature of the father slants
In monstrous outline on the peeling wall.

Like bitter seeds the doctor spits out his words.
"You should have brought her to me days ago."
His voice softens.
"I can do nothing now. She is beyond all help."
The dirge of the rain frogs
Mingles with the creaking of the boards
On the sagging porch.
The sun opens his Cyclops eye
And a stranger,
Whose fingers leave no trace on the doorknob
Enters the room.

AROUND THE CORNER TO THE MOON
(*Sapphic Stanzas*)

Hermes, swift one, answer this riddle, kindly
Answer forthwith: messenger, winged herald,
Son of great Zeus, mothered of fairest Maia,
Wherefor are missiles?

String tortoise shell, convene the classic poets:
Lyric Sappo, epical Homer, Virgil,
Horace. Let them sing again — ethics, wisdom,
Piety, courage.

Man alone makes symbols and writes, recording,
Binding time, past, present, and future. Wherefor
Nations glow, fade: what is the lesson summed up —
Learned from such cycles?

Silver ships fly, beamed to a golden wave-length,
Bearing proud men strutting imagined power:
Petty kings, gods, piercing celestial ceilings —
Journeying moonward?

Brother! What green agent insures tomorrow —
Radar, jets, disks, molecule-blasting assured?
Hermes, come forth! Eloquence ring out! Answer!
What alchemy now?

HORACE — ODES — I, 12

Man or half-god, whom do you choose to praise now,
Clio, with your lyre and your fife's shrill piping?
Or what god? Whose name will be now repeated,
Sportively echoed,

Whether heard on Helicon's shaded borders,
Or on heights of Pindus or frosty Hæmus?
Whence uprooted forests trailed blindly after
Orpheus singing;

By his mother's art he delayed the rapid
Flowing of the streams and the swift-winged breezes,
Charmed the listening oaks with his strings' sweet music,
Leading them onward.

Whom now shall I praise before Jove the father,
He who governs men and the gods in all things,
Sea and land, the whole of the universe, and
Changing of seasons?

Whence comes nothing greater than he himself is,
There is none like him, none to follow closely:
Next, however, honors should go to Pallas
Daring in battle;

Nor shall I be silent concerning Bacchus,
Or Diana hostile to beast, the huntress,
Neither you, O Phœbus, with well-aimed arrow,
Certain and fearful.

Hercules I sing, and the sons of Leda:
One gained fame with horses, the other fighting;
When their star is sighted by timid sailors,
Steadily beaming,

From the rocks the wind-shaken spray flows backward,
Winds die down, and clouds disappear from heaven,
Threatening waves subside in the placid ocean,
Since they have willed it.

After these then, Romulus let me mention,
Then the reign Pompilius kept so peaceful,
Tarquin's reign so splendid — I know not — maybe
Cato's brave dying.

I shall tell of Regulus and of Scaurus
Great of spirit, prodigal Paullus also,
Tell of conquering Hannibal and Fabricus,
With lofty singing.

He and unshorn Curius and Camillus,
All were bred in poverty fierce and cruel,
Fitting them for war, raised on grandsire's farmland
In modest dwelling.

Swells Marcellus' fame like a tree grown ageless;
'Midst them all the Julian star now flashes
Like the moon among all the lesser torches,
Gleaming eternal.

Father, you who guard still the race of mankind,
Son of Saturn, now to your care is given
Cæsar's fortunes; and may you reign forever,
With Cæsar second.

He will drive before him the conquered Parthians
Threatening Latium, in a well-earned triumph,
Or the subject Seres and Indi, brought from
The Eastern border.

Less than you, O Jove, he will reign with justice;
You will shake Olympus with heavy chariot,
Hurling down on groves man has desecrated
Bolts of your thunders.

HORACE — ODES — IV, 12

Now the comrades of spring, breezes which calm the sea,
Tranquil currents from Thrace, push out and swell the sails;
Now the fields are not stiff, nor do the rivers roar,
Being swollen with winter's snow.

She is building her nest, unhappy bird, mourning
Itys piteously, she the Cecropian
Line's eternal reproach, seeing how wickedly
She once punished the kings' brute lusts.

They that tend the fat sheep sing in the fresh, new grass,
Sing their songs to the pipe, and they delight the god
To whom flocks and the dark hills of Arcadia
Are most pleasing and give him joy.

Now the season brings thirst, yes, my Vergilius;
But if you long to quaff vintage at Cales pressed,
You the favorite one, client of noble youths,
You shall pay for your wine with nard.

Just a small onyx box full of a fragrant oil
Shall elicit a cask, which in Sulpician vaults
Now lies — powerful to give new hopes and wash away
All the bitterness of our cares.

If you haste to these joys, then with your wares come quick;
Since I do not intend for you to soak yourself
In my cups with no charge — just as though I were rich
And at home in a house of wealth.

So have done with delays and with your zeal for gain;
And rememb'ring the black funeral fires while still
You may, mingle some brief folly with wisdom now:
To be foolish is sweet at times.

AMONG THE FLOWERS OF MY SLEEP

Your face among the flowers troubles my sleep.
I climb the trellises of time and leap
The thickets of my dream
To touch your flowering face upon the stem
Of night, loving the light of your look
More than your last rebuke
Of love. O I must risk all
To keep your image whole
Among the flowers of my sleep.

THE MIND ASSUMES

It is thought that changes
The latitude of branches,
The image frames a haven
For nightingale or raven.

The landscape in a reverie
Abounds in treachery,
Such pansy faces, purple blooms
Only the mind assumes.

This is witchery fantasy forgives:
Black beetles sifting through fantastic sieves.

SELF-PROJECTION

I walked in solitude —
coaxed onward by a lazy lane
stretching itself in a tawny arc
like a giant Siamese cat.
Seasonless grass and rain
had commingled; cliques
of trees discussed new vogues
while six mad crows made dark
remarks connecting fence and sky.
As I turned the bend
a yellow hill heaved its bosom,
tempting my feet.
I climbed as soft wings passed me by,
then high at last — star-high,
looked downward through the furry mist.
A figure walked in solitude,
coaxed onward by a lazy lane
stretching itself in a tawny arc.

PERFECTIONIST

Time, you ancient enemy of dreams —
Relentless weaver of minutes into years
Too small for man to wear in comfort, sheathes
Of decades tighter than the skin he wears;

Time, your winged precision never breaks.
Won't you drop one year-stitch now and then,
Or falter with the hour-thread that chokes
These images our hopes would thrive upon?

Old spinner Time, your loom is all too firm,
Too perfect, ever merciless and sure —
Too overzealous — while I, still young and warm,
Defy you, though respect the power you are.

CRAIG LOVITT

THE LOUD SILENCE OF MODERN PEACETIME

Item: Navy Flier Crashes In Training Flight

He was young, unmarried.
His bride-to-be was making
wedding plans when he crashed.
On the day of his funeral
the Navy Honor Guard called
while the body was being taken to the cemetery:
"We can't make it. Very sorry," said the voice
at the other end of the line.

He went to his grave

unmarried.

He went to his grave

unescorted

unhonored.

He went to his grave

untried,

except in death.

WHAT THE BONES KNOW

Bury the bones was the sexton's cry
As he shoveled them under earth.
Now they would to God He would not deny
Their entity other birth.

They plumb the terror of dark and cold,
The horror of unseen time,
And sense the apathy of the old
When the roots of the spring would climb.

Under the earth there are only worms
To strip them fleshless and white,
Leaving them lone for uncertain terms
With never a flash of light.

They would return to the good green sod
In the warmth of a living sun,
To sense the sameness of life and God,
The twain that is always one.

IN SEARCH OF HOME

A silvered river winding through the hills
Of Time, whose only aim is to return
Unto the sea, has moved through loam and fern
Along its journey where enchantment spills

Upon the solitude without the ills
Of chance. But when this torrent meets a stern
Inlay of stone, it pauses not to yearn
For ease, but thunders over grills

Of fate. No precipice defeats its run
For oceanic peace beyond the crags
On which it fell from clouds, a refugee

In search of home, nor will it ever shun
A bouldered curve because the timing drags.
It seeks until it finds its source: the Sea.

JUST BEFORE SLEEP

Far across the radius
of circular night,

wading in concentric
circumferences
that shiver with light
from farther earths,

an owl's soft talk
defines the edges
of sleeping.

Attar of cedar shadows
confuses into
the faint sound of oars
stroking rhythmically
in tidal water —

The smallest winds . . .

RAINBLOW

Starlight is at the mercy
of the wind's indecision,
evergreens bow to its hesitations,
field mice must steer carefully
among the wild rose bushes
when summer
rolls its wind machine.

And the rain,
still the rain
slides down tall weeds,
dents the lake,
polkadots the dust,
washes each twig
for moon reflecting.

Wind and rain,
rivering in tune
into time,
silverplate leaf by leaf
over any dark shadows,
to float memory leaves
in the mind.

RESORT BOY AT TWELVE

Scuffs banana peels and beer cans
hiking the brown September beach
where his town swindles tourists ferociously all summer
to live the rest of the year.

All the blue and yellow vacation
he fades paler, scouring in the smoky kitchen
of his dad's hamburger joint. And fall, winter, spring
he roams faded alleys of the Pier ghost town:
empty streets of locked doors.

Warped boards are nailed on the cracked grin entrance
to Crazy House, with the curved mirrors. Barb wire
wraps the lot where the Ferris Wheel rusts.
The blistered Fun House gates
are double bolted, windows shuttered against a peek
at the lurching stair.

The pony stalls are deserted. 'Gypsy':
a mangy brush in a corner; rain on the ring
has erased the shoe prints. Planks block
the cave to the Tunnel of Love: 10¢ in a rosy heart.
The ticket booth is falling.

He lives in a dead alley of barred doors.

MEDITATION WAITING FOR A BUS

As I stood mourning at Third and Broadway, the dwarf
yelled: Gitcher Latest Races! Timorra Mornin's Seven-Star Final!
Nah, y don wan that one, tha's tday's!
Late ones out! Jus off th truck! Waddya read?
 . . . hey mac, slow down.

what's happened so important the last five minutes?
lightning prophet with seven-cent auguries,
i've heard no news in five years since a dark-hair dancer
waved me goodbye.

But he bawled at Saturday afternoon,
Sunday pape! Las Results! Latest Sunday Mornin's!
Music Liberry? Neva heard of it.

 . . . stop, thief,
snatching evening away from my eyes,
few enough left, and hurrying tomorrow
that will come too soon.

Gitch Mornin' Editions! Wat's yers, Mister?
Waddya read? Mother strangles children? Gitcher pape!
 . . . o night court teiresias,
gloating on our griefs before we commit them,
barking today's horrors to frighten innocent tomorrow —
Sufficient is the evil thereof.

THE YACHT RACE

A sinuous fleet of bright-breast swan
Sail homeward horizon to port,
Proud company of birds, now gone
Full spinnakered in robust sport.

By yachtsman prowess, released grace
With heads held high against sapphire sky,
Each swan with skipper in royal race
West-blown wins dock as firm winds die.

SEASON OF AMBER

I remember the quiet that Autumn,
Brief lull in the windy chime —
St. Martin's season of amber
That preserved us, suspended in time.

I remember the incense of burning
From fires that slowly consumed,
With the sun now cool in its turning
Through days when late roses bloomed.

I remember frost spattered in starlets;
The grey bird that sang by our lake:
Then the lowering spectre of Winter,
As fears, that had slept, howled awake.

GROUP THERAPY

This is our world, entrapped by groups; decoyed
By measured words in meaningless debate,
Which hour on endless hour resolve our fate,
Till man in narrowing circle is destroyed.
In this our world, as metals are allowed,
Man needs a man, thus welds his own estate
To live a Titan unincorporate,
Olympian-born, above the anthropoid.

This is our world, infused with bloodless crowd;
And like a whitened sepulchre where death
Of individual thought insensate lies,
Beneath the status quo whose frosted breath
Wraps it in deep inertia like a shroud,
While we are standing by with fire-banked eyes.



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